

The Critic

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Hereafter THE CRITIC will be published weekly from the middle of September to the middle of June, and fortnightly from the middle of June to the middle of September. The experiment has been tried this year with gratifying success. As the new arrangement reduces the number of copies to be published during the year from fifty-two to forty-five, a corresponding reduction will be made in the subscription price, which will be \$3 per annum, instead of \$3.50 as heretofore.

Some London Publishers. IV.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.

TWO OTHER PUBLISHING-HOUSES of long-established repute have their *locale* in Waterloo Place opposite the Rivingtons—W. H. Allen & Co., whose history extends over a hundred and thirty years, and Smith, Elder & Co., of somewhat younger fame. I chanced to pick up at a London book-stall, the other day, a little book with the imprint of the latter firm, dated 1829. It was a feeble enough compilation, done in the antiquated form of letters to a young lady—a fashion of writing much practised by authors in the early part of the century—discussing matters of domestic economy, and household accounts. The thought occurred to me that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. were not such 'big guns' in the London publishing trade then as they are now, and that I should be sorry to have prepared such a book to-day, in the expectation of inducing them to pay for its publication. The firm were East India agents and publishers, better known perhaps in the former than in the latter capacity. Their house of business was at 65 Cornhill, a city thoroughfare of ancient fame, leading from Cheapside to Leadenhall Street, where stood the old India House and the offices of the great shipowners and merchants trading with British India. When Captain Dobbin was wooing the widow Osborne and Mr. Jos. Sedley was on collector's duty at Boggley Wollah (if my memory serves me) the aforesaid street in the heart of old London was widely known as one of the most influential commercial centres of Europe. Anglo-Indians, military and civilian, bestowed a considerable share of their patronage on the house of Smith, Elder & Co., whose name was held in as high esteem among Englishmen in Calcutta, as it now is among the buyers, and sellers, of books in the less heated region of Paternoster Row.

The Brontës first helped Smith, Elder & Co. into literary fame. The manuscript of 'Jane Eyre' was going a-begging, and their 'reader,' with more discernment than was shown by his fellows of other publishing-houses to whom it had been offered, recognized its merits, and at once advised its

publication. This happened in 1847. Between that year and the date of Smith, Elder & Co.'s starting *The Cornhill Magazine*, in 1858, they were fortunate enough to obtain the support of some of the best-known writers of the day—Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Gaskell, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mulock, John Ruskin, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot, the Rev. Frederick Robertson (of Brighton) and last, not least, of Thackeray, who became, as it were, the corner-stone of the house. In the East India agency days, or rather toward the latter part of that period, Henry S. King became a partner in the firm. That gentleman had been a pushing retail bookseller at Brighton, the seaside resort of fashionable London. Retail book-selling and publishing seldom pull well together. It is no disparagement of the former business to say that to become a successful retailer of books to the average public requires much the same qualities as are necessary to success as a seller of bacon or lard. The public generally will buy any book that happens to be placed in its hands by a wide-awake shopman, provided only that the book be cheap in proportion to its bulk and the attractiveness of its binding. A little careful persuasion and a shuffling of the leaves and the transaction in nine cases out of ten is completed. But a publisher has very different duties to perform. He requires to be a man of tact and knowledge of the world, and above all to have the instincts, manners and education of a gentleman. He deals with the *élite*, intellectually, of the workaday public, and not all the persuasiveness he can command will make the clients who call upon him put their energies, and talents, and perhaps money into a venture, unless they know it to be sound. Wealthy theologians, and distinguished scientific men, and popular novelists, require a deal of coaxing before they can be brought to lend their aid to a literary venture. A check for an unusually large amount will sometimes prove sufficiently tempting to secure the services of a man of great reputation; but not always, as most publishers know full well. And, what money will not always do, tact, and good manners, and a little interest from outside, often will.

Mr. H. S. King was a gentleman of many admirable qualities, very successful in his business enterprises, and energetic and far-seeing beyond most men; but for some reason or other he and Mr. George Murray Smith (the sole representative for some years of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co.) did not continue long in partnership. Some said that Mr. Smith was too 'high and mighty' to suit Mr. King, others that Mr. King was too 'free and easy' to suit Mr. Smith. But however that may be, and it is a matter of small concern to any one, Mr. King took over the agency business—for which he was currently reported, probably without much truth, to have paid his partner £100,000—and Mr. Smith went his way with the publishing business. This new arrangement proved very advantageous for both. Mr. King continued at 65 Cornhill where he embarked in many fresh enterprises, establishing banking and agency connections with many distant cities, while still remaining true to his old love, the publication and sale of books. Mr. Smith removed to 15 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, with several valuable copyrights, including that of the then well-established *Cornhill Magazine*. The chair which he had so successfully filled in the old house was, at Mr. King's invitation, now occupied by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, to whom we have already referred in these papers. Mr. Paul thenceforward (or till the time when he in turn took over the publishing business of his principal), became the literary adviser of Mr. King, and many a pound English he must have saved that gentleman, in rejecting the manuscripts which are generally very freely offered to publishing-firms newly starting in business by industrious but not too-capable authors. Mr. King assuredly had a faithful and able

protector in Mr. Paul, who in reality created a new publishing business at the old Cornhill book-store.

In one of the earliest of the Roundabout Papers published in *The Cornhill Magazine*, Thackeray sounds a triumphal march in honor of 'the six great, complete, prodigious, and undeniable victories' which belonged to the first few issues of that publication. He pleasantly hints at having already secured 'one hundred and ten thousand readers' (this was at the end of 1858, or beginning of 1859); and there is no doubt that in the first six months of its being published, *The Cornhill* did actually and in good faith get into the hands of that number of purchasers. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., irritated by the erroneous guesses and jealous remarks of the critics, published a statement in the year 1860 to the effect that the average sale of each number was then 84,427, and that the smallest number of copies sold of any single number was 67,019, while of some of the numbers more than 100,000 copies were sold. This was under the popular régime of Thackeray. In those days the success of the magazine was a favorite topic of conversation in literary circles. It had never been excelled by any similar shilling periodical hitherto published in London. To Thackeray's great popularity this success was, of course, mainly to be attributed. Mr. Smith, emboldened by it, soon embarked in a fresh speculation, whose origin may be traced to the fertile mind of the genial novelist. This new venture was the issue of a London evening paper, called *The Pall Mall Gazette* (originally projected and published by Mr. Penn-dennis, if we remember rightly), at the price of two-pence. It was conservative in politics and had many first-rate contributors, including Jacob Omnium, Anthony Trollope, and some others of equally well-established reputation. But the journal did not succeed like the magazine, and Mr. Smith must have dropped what the vulgar call 'a pot of money' over it. It languished for some years under the editorship of Mr. Greenwood, being best known for the crispness and humor of its 'Occasional Notes,' and about two years ago was purchased for a mere song and became a Liberal journal under the editorship of Mr. John Morley. Mr. Smith did not lose heart by failure in this little journalistic enterprise, for he soon entangled himself in another of a non-literary kind, which is said for some time to have proved a small mine of wealth. This was the importation of an effervescing spring water, to which was given the name of Apollinaris. By plentiful advertising, the public took to it largely, and Mr. Smith reaped great profits, so at least it was reported. Apollinaris does not sell to-day as it used to do, and Mr. Smith has found time to turn his attention once more to matters of literature. His latest literary venture is a 'Dictionary of National Biography,' to be published in fifty volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. A new departure has also been taken in the matter of *The Cornhill*. The price has been reduced to sixpence, and it publishes some very indifferent illustrations as a bait to the periodical-buying public. Mr. James Payn (long the literary adviser of Mr. Smith) is the new editor, but *The Cornhill Magazine* will never again reach the circulation of 100,000. In fact it is difficult to comprehend how it can ever reach half that circulation, being for the most part very uninteresting and excessively dull. CHARLES E. PASCOE.

Literature

"English Verse." *

MR. R. H. STODDARD is one of those writers—Mr. Richard Grant White is another of them—who have the

faculty of lending interest to any subject they see fit to treat. It is not at all necessary that you should agree with them in order to admit their charm. You read them whenever and wherever you find them; sometimes admiring their clearness of view and felicity of expression; sometimes admitting unwillingly the force of what they say; sometimes dissenting wholly from their decision and resenting the tone in which they render it; but reading straight on, whether with good will or in spite of yourself, to the last chapter, and then wondering, perhaps, what it is you have found so interesting in the rehandling of a hackneyed theme. In his introduction to the first volume ('Chaucer to Burns') of these selections of 'English Verse,' Mr. Stoddard furnishes a sketch of the birth and first growth of the British muse—a subject on which he is no better informed and in which he is no more interested than half the professors of English literature in America. And yet, even in writing of English verse before the middle of the XIVth Century—verse which, he declares, was very prolix, and very dull, and not to be read nowadays except as an unpleasant task—his touch is so light, his manner so frank, that you follow him as if with a pre-existent interest in the subject. If the historians of English poetry before Chaucer read that poetry—as some of them claim to do, 'he says—'it is from a sense of duty, and not pleasure, for pleasure in reading it is impossible.' The reverse of this is true of Mr. Stoddard's essay on the pre-Chaucerian poetry, which might be less readable, indeed, if its author had delved more deeply into 'Beowulf,' 'The Battle of Finsburg,' the historical verses of Layamon and Walter Mapes, or the Biblical paraphrases of Cædmon the inspired cowherd. In treating of Chaucer and his successors for the next four centuries, less skill is needed to hold the reader's attention, but less has not been shown. The story is as familiar to Mr. Stoddard as a thrice-told tale; and he is never happier, in matter or in manner, than when he is re-telling it.

The reviewer's first thought on picking up this volume is to compare it with the first volumes of Ward's 'English Poets,' which cover the same ground. In critical matter and notes it is less full; but the field is to be gone over again, in part at least, in later volumes of the series. Mr. Ward gives many names and many titles not found in the newer anthology; but the latter does justice to some that have been neglected by the English editor. In Ward, for instance, we find William Langley (or Langland), in an extract from 'Piers Plowman'; and—among Chaucer's other contemporaries, or his immediate followers—Gower, Lydgate, Occleve and James I. of Scotland; a little later, Gawain Douglas, Stephen Hawes, John Skelton and Sir David Lyndesay; in the next century—the XVIth—Lord Buckhurst, William Warner, Lord Herbert of Cheshire, George Sandys, George Chapman, John Marston and Joseph Hall. None of these appear in the Linton-Stoddard anthology. Nor do we find there any selections from Cartwright or Butler, the Earls of Roscommon, Dorset and Rochester, Mrs. Behn, Thomas Otway or John Oldham. Others of more recent date—born between the middle of the XVIIth and the middle of the XVIIIth Century—are missing. But, as already said, we find in this new collection some names which are sought for in vain in the old; such, for instance, as Lord Vaux, Nicholas Grimoald, John Harington, Barnabe Goage, the Earl of Oxford, Nicholas Breton, Humfrey Gifford, Lord Bacon, Bartholomew Griffin, Joshua Sylvester, Thomas Nash, the Earl of Essex, Barnabe Barnes, John Webster, William Rowley, Francis and Walter Davison, Thomas Heywood, Giles Fletcher, Nathaniel Field, Sir Robert Aytoun, Thomas Goffe, Francis Quarles, Henry King, William Strode, Sir Richard Fanshawe, Viscount Falkland, Thomas Nabbes, Sir Edward Sherburne,

* English Verse. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. In 5 vols. Vol. I. Chaucer to Burns. Vol. II. Lyrics of the XIXth Century. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Richard and Alexander Brome, John Hall, Richard Flecknoe, R. Flecker, Jean Elliott and Sir William Jones. It is, of course, in the citations from these writers, rather than from those whose names appear both in the English anthology and in this new American one, that the labors of Mr. Linton are revealed. These have been zealous and conscientious, and will be productive of much pleasure to the owners of this volume, wherein so many sheaves have been garnered that other husbandmen have failed to gather.

The second volume of the five of which this series is to consist is given up to 'Lyrics of the XIXth Century,' the bead-roll beginning with Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, and ending with Dobson, Gosse, Marzials, Lang and Davies. In this volume, American writers are well represented—Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Stedman, Stoddard, Whitman, Poe, Hay, Curtis, Aldrich, 'H. H.,' and lesser singers. Of these Mr. Stoddard has nothing to say in his Introduction; nor yet of the living English bards, except as they appear in the concluding paragraph—unnamed, but plainly indicated, as 'the perfect poet who has restored to us the gracious Arthur from his long slumber in the island valley of Avilion; the subtle dramatist who has poured his own heart's blood into Sebald and Ottima, Colombe and Valence, and a score of other live men and women; the tender and pensive singer who has created an Earthly Paradise for the immortal stories that he loves so well, and that we love, too; the fiery, impassioned improvisator, dramatist at once and lyrist, who has plucked out the heart of Mary Stuart's secret, and snatched the light and sound of the sea; of these, and others, all that a contemporary should say,—and he cannot say less,—was said by Keats in the first line of the second sonnet that he addressed to Haydon:

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning."

"Future Punishment."*

A KEEN OBSERVER of the movement of thought in the churches of this country said, a number of years ago—when scarcely a murmur of disapproval was heard concerning the traditional doctrine of future punishment: 'The next great controversy will be over the dogma of Hell.' That we are fairly in the midst of such a revolt from the orthodox belief can no longer be doubted. Every church witnesses to its active presence; the staid, conservative, Protestant Episcopal Church, from within which this little book appears, as well as the more fluent body of Congregationalism, with its Andover heresies and its host of other perturbations in the old paths.

As the preface and the correspondence at the close of the volume show, this book was called into being in order to set the author's theological position right in the eyes of his fellow-churchmen. By a singular irony of fate, Dr. McKim, while engaged in presenting a brother-presbyter for trial on charges of heresy, lost a bishopric, for which he was well qualified, by having himself become 'suspect.' This book consists of the sermons which gave rise to this suspicion—four sermons given a few years ago in Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, and entitled, respectively, 'Future Punishment a Doctrine of Natural Religion,' 'Universalism a Vain System,' 'A Safe Anchorage,' and 'The Doctrine of the Last Things.' In this course of sermons, apparently called forth by Colonel Ingersoll's notorious lectures on Hell, the preacher contended for a reality of future punishment, argued against Universalism, and urged the view that has come to be known as the theory of Conditional Immortality; according to which immortality is not the natural birthright of man and the inevitable destiny of all the race,

but the special gift of God to those who, receiving the Christ, are born again into the superhuman life. It would not be fair to expect of discourses designed alone for an ordinary congregation that they should cover exhaustively such a subject. The strongest argument for this theory, for our age at least, our author has in fact not even noticed—the curious support which can be drawn for it from certain apparent conclusions of science. Herbert Spencer's biological doctrine of retrogression, and the possibility it opens of the race taking the back-track along 'the organic ascent of life,' until it dies down into unconscious existence, is a far more impressive picture of what is meant in this theory of ultimate annihilation than any which wire-drawn metaphysical speculation can conjure in the imagination of man.

Dr. McKim confines his attention to the arguments that can be drawn from the Bible, familiar to the students of eschatology in more elaborate works; and does so, as is too common in homiletic discussion, without any critical discrimination in the use of Biblical utterances. To the sermons which form the body of the book are added an introduction, pleading for the liberty, on the part of believers, of such views as are taught in these discourses, and doing so quite successfully; and an essay seeking to disprove the evidence for the historic custom of praying for the dead and to deny the propriety of such a use, and failing very decidedly to sustain the demurrer. For a polemical work this book is written, on the whole, in a good tone, although the writer offends a worthy Christian church in classing together, carelessly it is to be hoped, 'the history of Universalism and Infidelity.' It surely is not just to trace the development of Universalism only through its early and crude stages, wherein it ran the natural course of every protest into an extreme position; and, in an uneducated ministry, broke down all moral barriers and placed in the hands of every scoundrel and ruffian a 'title clear to mansions in the skies,' dating from the day of death; and then to sum up the case, as in the following sentences: 'It is unnecessary to go any farther. What has been said may suffice to show the tendencies and affinities of the notion of universal salvation. This single doctrine, introduced into the Christian scheme, step by step destroyed every distinctive feature of Christianity, and in less than twenty-five years culminated in infidelity.' From the excesses that undoubtedly characterized the raw Universalism of 1818-41 there has been a reaction, in which sounder learning and riper judgments have settled down into restorationism, as the true doctrine of Universalism; the belief that punishment in the hereafter will purify and transform the evil and

'that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.'

The memory of Chapin ought to forbid in this city such a denial of the Christian name to those who trust 'the larger hope.'

He who desires to acquaint himself with the pathway to the doctrine of Conditional Immortality, in which orthodoxy is finding a milder camping-out shelter as it moves away from the traditional Hell, will find this little book a good guide.

Cooke's "Virginia."*

THIS IS the first volume of a new series of books, to be edited by Horace E. Scudder, and to be devoted to the history of the great American Commonwealths. According to the prospectus, 'It is not proposed to give in detail the formal annals of each member of the Union, but to sketch rapidly and forcibly the lives of those States which have

*Future Punishment. By Randolph H. McKim, D.D. New York: Thomas Whitaker.

*Virginia: A History of the People. By John Esten Cooke. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

had marked influence on the structure of the nation, or have embodied in their formation and growth principles of American polity.' In developing this purpose, Virginia seems undoubtedly the State to begin with, both on account of priority of settlement and the marked influence of its great men in shaping the lines of our national existence.

Mr. Cooke has made a fascinating volume—one which it will be very difficult to surpass either in method or interest. If all the volumes of the series come up to the level of this one—in interest, in broad tolerance of spirit, and in a thorough comprehension of what is best worth telling—a very great service will have been done to the reading public. True historic insight appears through all these pages, and an earnest desire to do all parties and religions perfect justice. The story of the settlement of Virginia is told in full, or, at least, quite as fully as it needs to be told. It is made as interesting as a romance. The purposes of the early settlers are carefully defined, and some prejudices against the Cavaliers are corrected. Mr. Cooke rejects the new interpretations of the story of Pocahontas, and accepts it as veritable history. In the later pages of his history he passes very rapidly over the great war between the States, and devotes to it only so much space as serves to make clear the position of Virginia in the opening of that struggle. Here, as elsewhere, he is most tolerant and just to all concerned. He is an ardent lover of his native State, but he always aims to tell the truth about it. In only one instance have we detected what seemed to us a prejudiced statement. When he says that Jefferson 'regarded any and all religions merely as superstitions' we believe he is plainly mistaken. The evidence is clearly to the contrary, and Mr. Cooke has somehow been led into an error.

This volume is 'a history of the people of Virginia.' Its aim is to bring the people before us as they actually lived, and in this effort the author has been successful. He tells us of the life and habits of the people—makes us see quite what they were. The moral and religious status of Virginia, in its successive epochs, is clearly defined in some of the most interesting chapters in the book. Each epoch also has a chapter devoted to its literature. There is an excellent map, a very full table of contents, and a complete index.

"Folk-Tales of Bengal."*

THE CRITIC who takes up this handy volume to read is already prepossessed in its favor, if he has read the same author's fascinating story of 'Peasant-Life in Bengal.' Gorinda, the peasant boy, used to spend some hours, every evening, in listening to stories told by an old woman. It is evident that Gorinda, *alias* Rev. L. B. Day, is now giving us what he heard. He has supplemented his original stock with new material gathered from old aunties, and male servants, and barbers, who could speak no English; and he has rejected all stories containing, or suspected to contain, spurious additions. Of these twenty-two folk-tales, 'The Story of the Rakshasas,' 'The Boy whom Seven Mothers Sucked,' 'The Origin of Opium,' 'A Ghostly Wife,' 'The Origin of Rubies,' and 'The Bald Wife,' have amused us most. It is quite interesting to recognize a number of elements in the stories which are characteristic also of *mährchen* in China and Japan. It is evident that the fountain-head of the stories which have flowed toward the Pacific, as well as those which are favorites in Europe, is in India. Buddhist missionaries and secular travellers, learning the nursery legends told under the banyans and mangos, have carried them to the lands of tea and silk and porcelain. We find in the story of 'The Ghost Who was

Afraid of Being Bagged' a conquest by means of a looking-glass which suggests the origin of a Korean story of a mirror. Indian ghosts, however, seem to love trees and dry land, while ghosts further east are bedraggled and damp affairs, suggesting water and the will-o'-the-wisp. As in most folklore of oft-conquered countries, we find the aborigines figure as the evil ones, their chiefs as giants and giantesses, and the old dispossessed gods as demons, while the conquering ancestors are always resplendent beings. Though here and there the critic suspects either that a gap in the story has been filled with foreign matter, or that the original Bengali idea has lost its exact meaning in inadequate English, yet as a whole the stories seem as trustworthy as they are readable and full of local color. Each story ends with a string of delightful nonsense, that is probably a lullaby in the original. We heartily welcome this new addition to the rapidly growing library of folk-lore.

"Songs of Fair Weather."*

IN SPITE of the amateurish slightness of the 'Songs of Fair Weather,' one discovers here and there a spark of genuine inspiration which redeems the volume from failure. The author rides his hobby of archery to death, but withal he is a sincere lover of woods and fields, although his descriptions are too often a mere inventory of sights and sounds, 'ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo.' The poems are of very unequal merit, but at least they never sink below mediocrity. Together with many strong and melodious lines there are a few curious infelicities—e.g.:

'I only saw those thin birds stand
Unbalanced on the river sand.'

But the true lyric fervor breathes in verses like the following:

'O naked baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing gray-green eyes for me,
Who says that thou art blind? Who hides from thee?
Who is it in his foolishness supposes
That ever a bandage round thy sweet face closes
Thicker than gauze? I know that thou canst see!
Thy glances are more swift and far more sure
To reach their goal than any missile is,
Except that one which never yet did miss,
Whose slightest puncture not even Death can cure,
Whose stroke divides the heart with such a bliss
As even the strongest trembles to endure,—
Thine arrow that makes glad the saddest weather
With the keen rustle of its purple feather!'

The ensemble of the book does credit to the publisher's taste.

"Italian Byways."†

THAT MR. SYMONDS'S 'Italian Byways' will appeal only to a limited class of readers certainly does not imply anything against it; yet it is only fair to warn even the lovers of extremely serious and occult literature that the 'Byways' are a little, just a very little, dull. Not exactly a book of essays, certainly not a book of travels, one ought not perhaps to find fault with it for not possessing the qualities one usually looks for in either of these; yet the author's work has been far too much in earnest for it to be considered as a mere record of impressions. It will be valuable, indeed, chiefly as a book of reference, to which to turn for odd bits of old and hidden history or legend, for translations from the unfamiliar sonnets of such writers as Folgore da San Gemignano, for brief essays on art and the arts, and for occasional bits of very lovely and quiet description. Yet, even using it as a book of reference, the reader feels slightly weighed down by the author's lack of enthusiasm. In spite

* Folk-Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Songs of Fair Weather. By Maurice Thompson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
† Italian Byways. By J. Addington Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

of its scholarly and refined tone, and the evidence of a nature exquisitely sensitive to both natural and artistic beauty, it is hard to feel that Mr. Symonds really had a good time in Italy.

True, there is something fine in an author's ability to keep himself out of his work; but in travels, perhaps more than in any other literary work, one certainly does miss the magnetism of personality. Mr. Symonds gives no clew to the circumstances under which he sees what he sees; there is not an anecdote from cover to cover; 'my wife and I decided' is the most personal of his statements. Whether they were travelling alone or with a party, whether they were old or young, glad or sorry, we know not; we only know that neither of them was gay and one was learned. On their way 'from Capri to Ischia' or 'from Ischia to Naples,' nothing happens to them; they exchange no conversation, meet no peasants, suffer no mishaps; but Mr. Symonds notes what he gives afterward in very delicate and lovely word-pictures—all, however, exactly alike—the gray mist of olive branches, the warm, smoking earth, the creamy flanks of the oxen, the brown limbs and dark eyes of the men, who paused awhile to gaze at us, with shadows cast upon the furrows from their tall straight figures. Even these descriptions, which are very beautiful, are sometimes very abstruse; the author finds it hard to drop a view without analyzing its effect upon the observer, and telling us, 'the distinction between prospects viewed from a mountain overlooking a great plain, or viewed from heights that, like this, dominate the sea, principally lies in this: that while the former offer only cloud shadows cast upon the fields below our feet, in the latter these shadows are diversified with cloud reflections.' Of course the book is not made up of these descriptions and analyses, for the author, in the cities, spends much time in libraries and over unusual MSS., of which he gives us the results. Toward the close of the book the reader comes suddenly upon a burst of genuine enthusiasm, inspired by Pauline Lucca at the Scala. We begin to glow and smile, less pleased for ourselves, great as is the relief, than rejoicing that Mr. Symonds has at last discovered the delights of being delighted; what is our disappointment—at the end of the chapter—to find that this is a 'rhapsody' of twenty years earlier, which the author has found among his papers, and of which in his soberer, maturer years he is a little ashamed, only including it in the present volume because a friend's suggestion that his extreme pleasure was caused less by the lovely music than by the attractiveness of the actress, has given him a text for a more earnest essay on the various arts of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, dancing, poetry, as 'vehicles of presentation to the common subject-matter.'

To sum up a book for which it is impossible to feel enthusiasm, but for which it is equally impossible not to feel a certain tenderness and a great respect, the 'Italian Byways' is refined, scholarly and thoughtful, but a little, just a very little, dull.

The Art of Preaching.*

IN DR. PHELPS and Prof. Mahaffy we have two men writing in different hemispheres with reference to the most important profession in the world, yet with ideas wider apart than seas can divide as to the true aim of that profession, its most useful methods, and its probable future. Professor Mahaffy's book (1), we may say at once, deserves to be read with attention and candor. It is to be feared that in the quarters where it might do the most good it is likely to be treated with the least patience. The regions where it is applicable, however, are, in this country at least, much

more limited than the tone of the book would indicate. We suspect that even in England the case is not quite so bad as it is made out. It is, of course, possible that Professor Mahaffy has been led to his view of the pulpit's decline by a wide and close examination of all the facts, but this is not the impression made by his treatise. It has rather the air of a brilliant essay, written in the library, and based on sharp but casual observation and on personal taste. It is vivacious and suggestive; it lacks breadth, caution, far-sightedness, historical judgment. It is, from the first, not a sustained, well-balanced argument, but a more or less well-connected series of assertions, some of which are undeniably true, while others rest, to say the least, on very grave misapprehension, all the graver because it sometimes almost grasps the fact.

Mr. Mahaffy makes his fundamental mistake in attempting to consider the preacher as distinct from the pastor. Neither practically nor logically can this have any other effect than to distort the reality. The modern preacher gains a legitimate, and often his greatest, power from the very intimacy of his connection with the affairs of human life, and the true conception of his work as a preacher must include that vast stock of influence which he carries with him into the pulpit out of his living contact with the men to whom he speaks, and in whose natural, human relations he has a share. There is a singular inconsistency in the emphasis with which Mr. Mahaffy reminds us that forms of apostolic evangelizing are out of date, when compared with his own recommendation of itinerant preachers—an institution which the commonsense of the church, based on long experience, recognizes as at best only a makeshift. There is something grotesque, and suggestive of an unfortunate acquaintance with parish gossips, in the serious decrying of marriage and family-life as a hindrance to effective pulpit-work. There is an utter failure to see how surely the standard of the ministry would fall, if the proposed reading of printed sermons should become a general custom. In all these notions, however, there is a certain remoteness—a polished mediævalism—which will prevent their doing much harm. The paragraphs on the non-essential character of piety, on the other hand, with their confusion of terms and misunderstanding of the point at issue, may be very hurtful. The essay will find an echo from many who are in intellectual sympathy with its author, and at the same time are not in any profound sense spiritually susceptible—whose fault that is, we need not discuss; but that its final acceptance will be limited may be believed when we recollect that Mr. Mahaffy speaks to a generation that has not forgotten Robertson, Maurice, or Kingsley, and in a century that has listened to Guthrie, Chalmers and Robert Hall.

Dr. Phelps's book (2) is all the more effective, by comparison, from the fact that it assumes as thoroughly established the very things which Mr. Mahaffy assails. That preachers must and may be men of power—each in his way, but still men of genuine power—is the proposition which underlies all these lectures. How this power may be largely acquired from the study of men and books is what he endeavors to show. And here there are a ripeness of counsel, a catholicity of taste, a strong, thoroughly disciplined, guiding thought, which make the volume not only helpful to the theological student, but of tonic and corrective value quite outside of professional limits. As was remarked in these columns with regard to 'The Theory of Preaching' by the same author, its rules and suggestions, while comprehensive, and perhaps at first sight too exacting, are yet wisely elastic, and their intelligent application must contribute greatly to manly culture, and so to effective force in work among men.

* (1) *The Decay of Modern Preaching*. By J. P. Mahaffy. New York: Macmillan & Co. (2) *Men and Books, or Studies in Homiletics*. By Austin Phelps, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Lounger

PROBABLY the Park Commissioners, in lately performing, or proposing, those various vandalisms which the daily papers have so vigorously criticised, had no idea whatever that they were doing anything which would raise such a storm of indignation. This very fact is itself a proof of the thorough ignorance and incapacity of the Board. These four gentlemen doubtless had no intention of being vandals. They must think they have won this title quite by accident. But in reality there is no accident about it; it is quite in the order of nature. If a bull were put in charge of a china shop, no matter how well-meaning he might be, his bovine manners would inevitably be detrimental to the crockery; and the choicer the crockery, the greater the damage. So with four gentlemen in charge of our public grounds not one of whom has shown the slightest appreciation of the construction and especial beauties of Central Park as a noble and priceless, but easily ruined, work of landscape-gardening; with four such gentlemen, I say, in charge, and the experts crowded out, what more natural than that they should at once go to work to wreck the crockery—or in other words to spoil the Park.

IF ANY ONE has a doubt as to the impropriety of turning the menagerie into that part of Central Park which the Commissioners selected, let him stroll up there some fine day of the present autumn. It is that section of the three-fold northern meadow which lies south of the sunk road; and it is without doubt one of the best examples of the natural method in American landscape-gardening to be seen in Central Park or elsewhere. As the *Tribune* well said, even a dog-kennel would spoil this beautiful little meadow. We believe one of the Commissioners has spoken of this charming nook as if it were not made by the hand of man. The honor of its design is claimed by Messrs. Olmstead and Vaux; but if God alone made this exquisite meadow, all the worse for the Commissioners who propose to desecrate it. The fact of its selection as a well-nigh worthless quarter of the Park is hardly so damaging to the Board as the terms in which the Commissioners have undertaken to apologize for their act. I venture, however, to predict that no servant of the Board will ever drive a spade on that spot for the construction of cage, kennel or wallow. But the Mayor will fail of his duty to the public, nevertheless, if he wastes time in removing the Commissioners who have given this last evidence of gross and dangerous incapacity.

THE CHOICE of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter of Grace Church as the Assistant Bishop (and by consequence the succeeding Bishop) of the Diocese of New York was—one may almost say—a foregone conclusion; for Dr. Potter has conspicuously shown his possession of just those gifts which should fit a man for the responsible executive and spiritual position which he is now to occupy. His extraordinarily imposing consecration on Saturday last was followed on Sunday by his first sermon as a bishop, which was preached to the prisoners on Blackwell's Island. In these two related events, I take it, the key-note of his career as a bishop was struck. As a bishop he will evidently continue the course begun by him while Rector of Grace Church. It is his best distinction, that under his ministry Grace Church has lost most of its old-time reputation for worldliness, while Rector and congregation have recognized their obligations to the community in many ways of the most practical usefulness. It would have been a loss to the city if Dr. Potter's new responsibilities had called him away from New York.

IT SEEMS TO ME that the English people have turned mutual admiration into a fine art. Every week or so brings us some elaborately gotten up book about some almost unknown person who has been the centre of an admiring group. A short time ago we received a volume from the other side of the water, printed on Holland paper, with margins three inches wide, bound in vellum and stamped in gold, all for the purpose of keeping green the memory of a promising young artist by the name of Cecil Lawson. The memoir of this young artist was written by Mr. Gosse and published by the Fine Art Society. A few weeks later and over came another volume, if anything more elaborate than the first, containing a life of one Tinworth, a potter, who began life as a wheelwright, and worked his way into Mr. Ruskin's notice and into a certain vogue. This week, I have

received through Scribner & Welford a handsomely gotten up volume devoted to a biographical sketch of Oliver Maddox Brown. Ford Maddox Brown, the father of the subject of this sketch, is known as an English art critic and one of the Rossetti group. Oliver Maddox Brown didn't live long enough to be anything in particular, but he gave promise. So Mr. John H. Ingram, who has made his principal fame as the biographer of Poe, writes this sketch of young Brown.

MR. INGRAM was not personally acquainted with Mr. Oliver Maddox Brown, but was prompted to write his biography 'not only by admiration of his genius, but by the circumstance that, while every year lessened the material for a faithful record, no effort appeared' to be made by his personal friends to produce one.' His labors were made comparatively easy by the valuable assistance of the Rossetti circle. The correspondence of young Brown forms a large part of this volume. The letters are principally from Philip Bourke Marston and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and they are chock-full of mutual admiration. For example, Marston writes: 'What a supreme man is Rossetti! Why is he not some great exiled king, that we might give over our lives in trying to restore him to his kingdom! I wonder shall I ever be able to let him know how I love and honor him!' In another letter Mr. Marston writes: 'I called on Mr. Swinburne the other day and found that he had gone to Henley-on-Thames, having been very ill for several days previously, according to the housekeeper. . . . I am sorry to say that there has been an article on him in some trans-Atlantic *'Libel Gazette,'* of a very base, scurrilous description, written and signed by an eccentric friend of Mr. C. K. Miller, one Oliver Harper by name, a blonde-haired, strong-minded and slightly mendacious female party, who had been "making tracks," to use her own expression, through various European capitals, and writing astounding reports thereof.'

IN GLANCING over the advertisements of 'Books Wanted' in the October *Bookseller*, my eye was caught by two in particular. The first was a request for 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' by Charles Lamb—any fair edition.' Reading this, it struck me that Mr. Gilchrist had performed no work of supererogation in writing a Life of Mary Lamb, when a person of more or less literary knowledge could attribute to the brother the book which the sister designed, and to which she contributed seven of the ten stories it contains.

THE OTHER ADVERTISEMENT that attracted my attention was this: 'G. S. Ward, Governor's Island, N. Y. Autobiography of Harriet Luttrell, published about 1800 or later.' This refers to a book I have never heard of, and which, if it exists, I should be as curious to see as the gentleman who advertises for it. 'Harriet Luttrell, daughter of Henry Lawes Luttrell, Earl of Carhampton,' has slept for more than sixty years under a tombstone bearing the above inscription in the Hopkinson burying-ground at Bordentown, N. J. Something of romance and mystery overhangs her birth. Her mother, Elizabeth Mullin, was a pretty little Quakeress, in whose house her father found refuge after the Battle of Monmouth. Before the daughter's birth, Henry and Elizabeth became man and wife—such at least was the conviction of the young Quakeress—by a marriage ceremony which proved to be invalid. When Luttrell had fully recovered from the wound received at Monmouth he deserted the girl whom he had deceived and returned to Ireland. Legendary history has it that she afterwards visited him there, and found that he had married again, her letters having failed to reach him, and he having concluded that she was dead. It is also said that the child Harriet was acknowledged as his daughter. She was married twice—first to a Mr. Gale and afterward to a Mr. Rogers, and some of her descendants are still living. Her mother's adventure was made the groundwork of a romantic story in a volume of 'Tales of the Fireside,' by a Lady of Boston, published at the Hub in 1827. The story is called 'The Battle of Monmouth.' It gives the real name of the Earl, but not of the New Jersey Quakeress. In style it is formal and antiquated.

MR. BEECHER has succeeded Mrs. Langtry as special advertising agent of Pear's soap. 'If cleanliness is next to Godliness,' says Mr. Beecher, 'soap must be considered as a means of grace, and a clergyman who recommends moral things should

be willing to recommend soap.' I have known several clergymen who were willing to recommend moral things, but Mr. Beecher is the only one I know of who finds a moral purpose in advertising soaps. It is well to know that there is such a thing as a moral lather. I fear, however, it has a tendency to make a slippery conscience.

Authors' Rights.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Please give a decision on these legal points : (1) A is an author, B a publisher who makes a practice of neither giving nor taking receipts for MSS. A leaves a MS. with B, and hears nothing from it for months ; writes once or twice, inclosing postage, and receives no answer ; finally calls, and is told the MS. was sent to his office by one of B's clerks nearly a month previous ; as proof, is shown a copy in a letter-book of the accompanying note of declination. A has never received it. None of B's clerks acknowledge taking it ; all proofs that it was ever in B's possession lie in the entries in B's books. Who is legally responsible for the value of the MS ? If B, can A recover ?

(2) In the absence of any agreement, does the right to republish a serial in book-form lie with the author or publisher ? Some periodicals—*The Atlantic*, for instance, and *The Youths' Companion*—yield it to the author without question. *Harper's* gives a receipt so worded as to cover the copyright. Another magazine states nothing either way, and informs the author verbally when the serial is well under way that the checks thus far received by him include the price for the copyright, thus leaving him no chance for withdrawal. *Harper's* action would seem to imply the existence of both and separate rights—i.e., of serial and book-form. Or is it simply a matter of courtesy on the part of the publisher ?

BOSTON, MASS., October 19, 1883.

J. P. T.

[(1) A publisher has no property responsibility in a manuscript unless he solicited it from the author. In other words, if an author sends a manuscript unsolicited to a publisher and it gets lost in the publisher's office or in the mails, the author has no redress, as he has put a responsibility upon the publisher of his own volition. The case has been tried in court and gone against the author.

(2) We believe that, in the absence of any agreement, the right to republish a serial in book-form lies with the publisher. Where there has been no previous agreement, it is entirely a matter of courtesy when the publisher resigns this right to the author. To avoid any confusion, it is a very simple matter for the author to reserve the right of publication if he desires it.]

Matthew Arnold on the Christian Life.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In these days when so much is said of the leading English thinkers' infidelity to Jesus Christ as a distinct, necessary life, put into the world to transform and renew the natural man to the attainment of the life eternal, it should be a pleasure for the American people to read and re-read the following words of the high-minded English critic, Matthew Arnold, who has come to favor them with his presence. They are words borne out of an experimental rather than an acquired knowledge, and, as such, they touch the depths, or rather the heights, of human thinking. They are found in 'Literature and Dogma' :

'Never was the joy, which in self-renouncement underlies the pain, so brought out as when Jesus boldly called the suppression of our first impulses and current thoughts, *life, real life, eternal life*. So self-renouncement, the main factor in conduct or righteousness, is the "secret of Jesus."

I know that I voice the thanks of many a true soul who has been helped by Mr. Arnold's liberal and suggestive teachings, when I express my gratitude for this subtle and true definition

of the great secret of Christianity as seen in the philosophy of Jesus, and, I might add, as also worked out in His perfect life on earth.

CHELSEA, MASS., Oct. 23, 1883.

ELIZABETH P. GOULD.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Mr. Joseph Hatton, in an article entitled 'Some Glimpses of Artistic London' in *Harper's* for November, speaks of Coventry Patmore as being a prominent member of the 'Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.' This is an error, as reference to W. M. Rossetti's paper on 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood' in the *Magazine of Art* for August, 1881, will show. Mr. Rossetti there states that the members of the Brotherhood were seven in number. They were J. E. Millais, William Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, F. G. Stephens, James Collinson and W. M. Rossetti.

ALLSTON, MASS., October 17, 1883.

W. R.

Errors in the Riverside Emerson.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

How the corruption which Mr. Rolfe found it so difficult to eradicate from the text of 'The Lady of the Lake' may creep into the works even of recent writers, is well illustrated in the new edition—the Riverside—of Emerson. In spite of the well-known competency of Mr. Emerson's chosen literary executors, the text of the essay on 'Compensation' is marred by two such errors as are most likely to propagate themselves in future editions. On page 92, Vol. II., the new edition has : 'Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise ? to love and serve me ?'—an exasperating departure from the true reading, which is, 'to love and serve men ?' On page 96 we read : 'Thus she contrives to itinerate the granite,' for 'intenerate the granite.'

ROXBURY, MASS., October 22, 1883.

SAMUEL THURBER.

Notes

MR. J. C. DERBY, long and pleasantly known in connection with the book-trade, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with that business on the 10th of last month. An interview with him was published in the *Boston Herald* about that time, setting forth some of his experiences as a publisher. It attracted so much attention, and provoked so many inquiries for more anecdotes of the distinguished people he has met, that Mr. Derby has been induced to write his Autobiography. Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish it, under the title 'Fifty Years a Publisher.' Among the well-known persons with whom Mr. Derby has been on friendly terms, and of whom he tells numerous anecdotes, are Nathaniel Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, W. H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Jefferson Davis, William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, W. M. Thackeray, Fred. S. Cozzens, George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Augusta J. Evans Wilson, Gail Hamilton, Rev. W. H. Milburn, James Parton, Chevalier Wikoff, Miles O'Reilly, and Artemus Ward.

Messrs. Putnam have in press 'A Classified Descriptive Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Societies and Institutions of the City of New York,' prepared under the instructions of the Charity Organization Society.

The life of Luther announced by Cassell & Co. is not Köstlin's Life, announced by Messrs. Scribner, but a condensation of that book, made under the supervision of the author.

Under the title, 'An American Plagiarist,' Mr. T. Humphrey Ward shows by parallel passages in the current *Athenaeum*, how Mr. Alfred H. Welsh has transplanted critical opinions from Ward's English Poets to his own 'Development of the English Language.' Mr. Ward's evidence is sufficiently damaging to make an explanation from Mr. Welsh necessary. In this week's *Academy* Mr. John H. Ingram pronounces Mr. Gill's Life of Poe 'so gross a plagiarism of my labors that it cannot be published in this country'—England.

Miss Sydney Lever, a daughter of the novelist, has written a volume of poems which Messrs. Remington & Co. will publish.

In calling attention to Mr. White's misquotation of the line 'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood' (which in his version

appeared as 'Green fields,' etc.), we ourselves misquoted the line (on the authority of an Episcopal hymn-book) as 'Bright fields,' etc. This, of course, only shows how easy it is to be mistaken. But what we objected to in Mr. White's case was his professed disregard of accuracy in attributing a quoted line to its author. Mr. White had always thought this particular line was Milton's. How he got such a notion we cannot imagine. But in view of our failure to secure our own footing while dislodging him, we are disposed to be more than usually lenient in considering the distinguished critic's offence in this connection.

In the current *Bibliographer* (Bouton) Mr. W. E. A. Axon begins a biographical sketch of Sir Richard Phillips, who is distinguished as a publisher for having declined the MS. of 'Waverley.'

It is suspected that the article in *Lippincott's*, entitled 'Mr. Swinburne and Mary Stuart' and signed L. J. S., is from the pen of Louis J. Swinburne, who for the past four years has made his home at Colorado Springs. This Mr. Swinburne published for private circulation an exceedingly clever volume of 'Parisian Sketches,' at the close of the Franco-German war, during which his father, Dr. John Swinburne, the present Mayor of Albany, organized and managed the famous American ambulance corps. Mr. Louis Swinburne graduated at Yale in the Class of '79, taking the highest literary honors of the course.

Among the announcements of Messrs. Bentley & Son for November and December are the Crown Prince of Austria's 'Travels in the East,' and the life of Alaric Watts by his son, Alaric A. Watts, with portraits and letters of Scott, Southey, Lamb, Wordsworth and others.

It is said that Mr. James G. Blaine, who has nearly finished his 'From Lincoln to Garfield,' will, after that work has gone to press, begin a history of the War of 1812.

The author of 'John Bull et son Ile' has at last consented to the translation into English of that popular skit. He is said to be preparing a second volume on English home-life.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, who arrived in this country a week ago, seems to have taken very kindly to one of our institutions—the newspaper interview. His views on a variety of subjects are expressed with much freedom in the *Herald* and the *Tribune*, whose representatives met him in London and this city respectively. 'Do you go out with any preconceived notions about America?' the *Herald* correspondent asked. 'Oh, dear, no!' Mr. Arnold is reported as having replied. 'I have everything to learn, and, as a friend remarked to me not long since, however much I may learn I shall doubtless overlook more. You are perhaps aware that I let off some little thing about America in the *Nineteenth Century* last year which excited some comment at the time. Do you think my having written it will stand in my way over there? I was a trifle hard, but an American writer who published another article soon after was still harder. . . . I don't know whether Thackeray and Dickens read their lectures in America, or had them by heart. Bungling and stumbling would, of course, never do. But I don't see how I could avoid reference to notes, for I am always anxious to express my meaning correctly.' Mr. Arnold spoke highly of two American writers whose works are as familiar in England as they are here—Messrs. W. D. Howells and Henry James. In conversation with a *Tribune* reporter he referred rather disparagingly to Mr. Edwin Arnold, the poet, who is not, he would have the world know, one of his relatives. A political and social lecture is to be delivered by Mr. Arnold in this city, and a discourse on Emerson will be the first thing on his programme in Boston.

The new edition of Mr. Arnold's writings, issued by Messrs. Macmillan to greet him on his arrival in this country, is uniform in style with the Eversley Edition of Kingsley's Novels. The prose fills seven volumes, as follows: I. 'Essays in Criticism.' II. 'On the Study of Celtic Literature.' 'On Translating Homer.' III. 'Culture and Anarchy.' 'Friendship's Garland.' IV. 'Mixed Essays.' 'Irish Essays.' V. 'Literature and Dogma.' VI. 'God and the Bible.' VII. 'St. Paul and Protestantism.' 'Last Essays on Church and Religion.' The Poems will fill two volumes: I. 'Early Poems, Narrative Poems, and Sonnets.' II. 'Lyric, Dramatic and Elegiac Poems.' Messrs. Macmillan also publish in their Golden Treasury Series a volume of Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold; and, in another edition, a selection of passages from his prose-writings.

The Duke of Argyll's recent papers on 'The Unity of Nature' are being gathered up in book-form.

Mr. Gottsberger will publish to-day (Saturday) 'Felicitas,' a romance from the German of Felix Dahn, by Mary J. Safford. The story carries us back to the period of the decay of the Western Empire.

A copy has been found of a tragedy called 'Pompeius,' written by the poet Leopardi at the age of fourteen years.

'By-ways of Nature and Men' is the title of a volume of verse by Clarence Deming, which G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press. Another volume of poems announced by this firm is by Col. A. T. Taveau, 'the popular poet of the Baltimore *Sunday Herald*.'

It is a boast of Anthony Trollope in his Autobiography that, through all his literary career, he never once felt himself in danger of being late with his task. 'I have known no anxiety as to "copy." The pages are far ahead—very far ahead—and have almost always been in the drawer beside me.' Yet he died leaving an unfinished story, 'The Land-Leaguers,' running in *Life*, a London weekly.

Mrs. Burnett's 'Esmeralda' is reported to have made a decided hit in London, where it was produced last Saturday night. 'The whole atmosphere,' says the *Herald's* correspondent, 'was novel to an English audience. The comedy displaced by "Esmeralda" was an impulsive, erotic French drama. Plays of that class, interspersed with mild English inanities, are so common in London that the spectators rubbed their eyes at seeing the log-cabin in North Carolina lying under the shadow of "Old Bald;" but they soon grew acclimatized, and followed as keenly as Americans have followed the story of Dave Hardy's quest for his sweetheart and Farmer Rogers' submission to his termagant wife. Nothing was altered to suit the English stage.' Nothing, that is to say, except the name, which, in accordance with a good old English custom, the sense of which we have never been able to discover, has been completely changed. But the play promises to draw as well at the St. James's under the title of 'Young Folks' Ways' as it did at the Madison Square under the name of 'Esmeralda.'

The lives of two occupants of the woosack are soon to appear in England—that of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst (a son of Copley, the artist, and by birth an American), and that of Lord Chancellor Westbury, *ne* Bethell. Sir Theodore Martin is the author of the former and Richard Kennard of the latter biography.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, is building a \$250,000 house.

The taboo on Rubinstein's 'Kalaschinnoff, the Merchant,' has been removed and the opera will soon be heard in the capitals of Russia.

'Fifty Years of London Life' is the title of a new book by Mr. Edmund Yates, editor of the *London World*.

'Macaulay and Carlyle as Critics' is the interesting though somewhat hackneyed subject of an article by Anna B. McMahan in *The Continent* of October 24.

The total number of public school pupils on the city register on September 30 was 140,322, and the average daily attendance for the month 129,562, an increase of 3235 in enrolment and 7188 in the average daily attendance as compared with the corresponding period last year.

Mr. Cable has finished his new serial, 'Dr. Sevier,' and revised 'The Grandissimes' for a new edition. He has several engagements to read in the West. Mr. Cable's address on 'The Lease System in Southern Prisons,' delivered at the recent Conference of Charities at Louisville, will soon be printed in *The Century*.

On Wednesday of last week, the Rev. Theodore C. Williams was welcomed as Dr. Bellows's successor in All Souls Church. The speakers of the evening were Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Robert Collyer, and the Rev. Messrs. Edward Everett Hale, John W. Chadwick and Francis G. Peabody.

The Youth's Companion has issued a costly circular—a sort of Christmas card and calendar combined—containing its announcements for 1884. These are striking, for they mention new poems by Tennyson, Victor Hugo, Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), Whittier, Aldrich and Charles Mackay; serial stories by Thomas Hardy, Alphonse Daudet, J. T. Trowbridge and Mrs. Oliphant; scientific articles by eminent specialists, tales of adventure by noted travellers, papers of encouragement and

advice by men and women of ability and experience, and reminiscences and anecdotes of famous people. With a circulation rapidly approaching 350,000 copies a week, *The Youth's Companion* can well afford to spread such a feast before its patrons—and spreading such a feast, it is no wonder it has such a tremendous circulation.

The twenty 'Original Etchings by American Artists' which Cassell & Co. will issue for the holidays will be published in three editions—a parchment edition limited to three copies, an *édition de luxe* limited to 200 copies, and an unlimited 'regular edition.' Mr. and Mrs. T. Moran, Stephen Parrish, C. A. Platt, F. Dielman, R. S. Gifford and F. S. Church are among the artists represented. The letter-press is by S. R. Koehler.

Henry A. Sumner & Co. will publish on November 1, a new society novel by Colonel Gilbert A. Pierce—'A Dangerous Woman.'

The Art Amateur for November gives a series of six drawings by Walter Crane of the frieze, illustrating Longfellow's 'Skeleton in Armor,' recently painted by Mr. Crane for the Newport residence of Miss Catherine Wolfe. A biographical notice of this clever artist is accompanied by a portrait drawn by him from his reflection in a mirror, and by many examples of his work as an illustrator.

Mr. Townsend MacCoun has removed from Chicago to No. 744 Broadway, this city. He has just bought all the remaining sheets of the Works of Jefferson published by order of Congress. Of these there are only about 100 sets. They will be bound at once and put on the market. Of the 500 sets of Franklin printed by Mr. MacCoun last year, only about 20 sets remain.

Walter Scott—not the romancer, but a dealer in romances—sends us a catalogue of new and second-hand books in all departments of literature, which may be had, 'at extremely low prices,' at No. 7 Bristo Place, Edinburgh. It is an interesting collection—and an interesting catalogue.

We have seen the cover and the table-of-contents of the first number of *Shakspeariana*, which the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. will issue in November. The first page shows a somewhat conventional design, representing the poet as standing in front of a curtain, on which a couple of deer are outlined—a reminiscence, possibly, of the apocryphal deer-stealing episode. The face is not a pleasant likeness. But for this defect the publishers are only partly responsible, as they have simply copied the Harvard memorial window, designed by Frederick Crowninshield. Eminent Shakspearian students have expressed their best wishes for the success of this new venture.

A catalogue has been printed of the numismatic books in various languages in the library of the Numismatic and Archaeological Society, in the University Building.

Vol. I., No. 1, of the *Journal* of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, lies before us. Its prospectus shows a serenity of temper on the part of the management which cannot be too highly praised. It concludes with the following benignant sentence: 'We therefore dedicate this, the first number of our *Journal*, to the bunco-stealers, confidence shops, jail-birds, blackmailers, gamblers, thieves, assassins of private character, and bribers who may now be identified with the level-premium companies, and give them due notice that if we are to be further traduced and libelled by them, we shall untie our budget of ugly facts concerning them, and deal the same out to the public, who have been held long enough in ignorance of the truth regarding them and their management of the "old line" companies with which they are connected.'

BY THE DEATH of Captain Mayne Reid, the youth of England and America lose one of their best friends. His stories have been the delight of all healthy-minded boys for over a generation. He gave them just as much in the way of exciting adventure as the sensational writers, but surrounded his stories with an atmosphere that was as pure as it was invigorating. Captain Reid's latest literary scheme, as detailed in a private letter to the editor of *The Tribune*, dated October 2, of this year, was to write his personal reminiscences of the Mexican war, out of which he thought to make a stout octavo volume. His plan was to give the picturesque episodes of the war, avoiding purely historical details. 'I trust to make the work instructive,' he said, 'and hope also to produce a more interesting book than any of my poor romances.'

A PAPER ON 'Incineration,' originally printed in *The Princeton Review* for September, has just been republished in pamphlet-form. That it is a plea for the burning of the dead may be inferred from the facts that it was written by the Rev. John D. Beugless, President of the New York Cremation Society, and is published by the Commissioners of the United States Cremation Company, Limited. On the first page inside the cover is a woodcut showing the façade of a proposed crematory, beneath which are inscribed the names of the Commissioners aforesaid—President Brown of the New York Plow Company, Prof. Felix Adler, and (among others) the author himself, who is a chaplain in the Navy. And yet the shopiness of all this in no wise weakens the force of Mr. Beugless's arguments and illustrations, and one is quite captivated by the graceful manner in which the reverend gentleman gossips of octuple crematories, multiplex portable incinerators, and the cost of terra-cotta urns of classic pattern.

HOW MANY READERS of THE CRITIC are aware that a neatly-printed French weekly, *Les Deux Mondes*, has been published at Buffalo for the past three months? Nos. 10 and 11 lie before us. The former opens with an essay on the teaching of foreign languages—a subject on which the writer (and editor) should speak with authority, as it concerns his own vocation. No. 11 treats first of recent happenings in the Old World—the editorial in the *North German Gazette* which seems to have frightened French children out of a summer's growth, the opening of the Cobden Coffee-House by Mr. Bright, the disposition of the Comte de Chambord's property, etc. The second article in each number is a chapter from Halévy's 'L'Abbé Constantin,' and the third a fragment of George Sand's 'Le Marquis de Villemer.' In the earlier number a chronicle of Old World doings follows, and in the later, a record of events in the New. These precede lighter and shorter articles, scraps of general news, anecdotes, kitchen recipes and puzzles. And last, not least, come several pages of advertisements. The green covers of this new journal should be seen on many tables—and will be, unless the subscription price (\$7 a year) shall prove prohibitory.

Science

Popular Astronomy.*

MESSRS. GILLET AND ROLFE, two practical teachers—the former Professor of Physics in the Normal College of the City of New York, and the latter formerly Head-Master of the High School of Cambridge, Mass.—have prepared a good manual of astronomy for junior students and non-mathematical readers. Under three primary sections, they consider the celestial sphere, the solar system, and the stellar universe. They have evidently acquainted themselves with the latest phases of astronomical research and the subject-matter is well digested and well arranged. For example, the latest salient observations on the sun and sun-spots, the discussion of the distance between the sun and the earth, the studies of Mars and his satellites, and the data respecting the asteroids and comets, have been made use of. Likewise, the principles and prominent facts of spectroscopy are presented in almost the latest stage of our knowledge. So far as our examination has extended, the work is laudably free from errors and misconceptions. Occasionally, however, a too general or hasty statement may be found; as, for instance, with respect to epicycloid curves, in a paragraph apropos of the moon's orbit. The paragraph in question is as follows:

'The path described by the moon through space is much the same as that described by a point on the circumference of a wheel which is rolled over another wheel. If we place a circular disk against the wall, and carefully roll along its edge another circular disk (to which a piece of lead-pencil has been fastened so as to mark upon the wall), the curve described will somewhat resemble that described by the moon. This curve is called an epicycloid, and it will be seen that at every point it is

* The Heavens Above. A Popular Handbook of Astronomy. By J. A. Gillet and W. J. Rolfe. New York: Potter, Ainsworth & Co.

concave toward the centre of the larger disk. In the same way, the moon's orbit is at every point concave toward the sun.'

This proposition is correct within certain limits, and for the special case cited—the orbit of the moon; but it is not correct as a universal statement.—In addition to its other merits, the volume is well printed and aptly as well as copiously illustrated, there being 460 wood-engravings in addition to the six plates. It will be, therefore, a welcome addition to popular science text-books.

Ornithotomy.*

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, Drs. Martin and Moale published the first part of 'A Hand-book of Vertebrate Dissection,' which told how to dissect a tortoise. (THE CRITIC, Oct. 7, 1882.) A second part of the series is now out, and corresponding instructions are given as to the dissecting of a bird. The common pigeon is taken as an example. What the authors have sought is, to 'give such directions as will enable the student who follows them to have a good knowledge of the anatomical character of the birds as a group of vertebrates, paying little heed to the minor differences which exist between different birds.' The manual is divided into paragraphs numbered from 1 to 160. The exterior, the skeleton, the muscles, the neck, the pleuro-peritoneal cavity, the general vascular system, the vocal organs, the intestinal canal, the heart, the nervous system, the eyes, and the ears, are successively described. 'The bird's skeleton is so very characteristic that it has been treated in considerable detail, while, on the other hand, only such muscles have been described as present peculiar characters in all or most birds, and so throughout.'

The opuscle has evidently been carefully considered, and will prove to be useful to students. There are very few points to which objection can be made, and the only one we are disposed to advert to is the initial proposition that the pigeon belongs to the 'family Peristomorphæ.' The group Peristomorphæ is of superfamily or tribal value, and the family name is Columbidae. The distinctive characters of the several groups might also be improved, in the case of the 'Schizognathæ,' of which it is said that 'the metacarpals are ankylosed together; the tail is considerably shorter than the body;' and that 'the sternum is provided with a keel.' These characters are not distinctive of Schizognathous birds, but of groups of major value. But the statements are almost always apt as well as terse. The manual will be undoubtedly of value to a considerable circle of embryo naturalists.

The Fine Arts

The Autumn Exhibition at the Academy.

THE AUTUMN exhibition of the National Academy, occurring again after a very mediocre success last fall, brings up a matter which is fast assuming the proportions of a grievance in the eyes of the artists. This is the number of rival exhibitions during the year. No artist has yet been heard from who is sufficiently altruistic to pity the pen-drivers who have to examine these endless walls of platitude. But plenty grow savage over the scattering effect of sending their pictures here and there and trying to respond to the demands of agents from Boston, Philadelphia and the West, as well as from the many international expositions held in Europe. They complain that they have no time to devote to these gentlemen, and that while their pictures form the chief magnet for crowds at exhibitions, they do not dispose of their works, and yet are always at some expense and risk while deprived of them. And there is some justice in this

grumbling, although possibly the artist sees the matter in no very broad light. The remedy is at hand. Let him decline to send pictures to any but the very best exhibitions—those that exercise care in discriminating between the interesting and the inane, and strive to obtain a gallery which gives a pleasant intellectual shock by arousing pleasure or protest in the beholder. Such a gallery, one need hardly say, is not to be expected at the Academy of Design. The collection is mercifully small and largely composed of well-known painters of the second rank. John Alexander's portrait of a little girl is perhaps the most noticeable. The position is very risky; it would be intolerable in an older person; and perhaps, as it is, Mr. Alexander has made a mistake, in view of the mature look of his little sitter. But it is painted with the breadth and certainty that characterize his better work. With a coloring still touched by Munich, Mr. Alexander's movement of paint is very muscular and vivid. Muscle rather than brain shows in his brushwork. A Brittany peasant's interior by Mr. Harris leads one to speculate. Is this a scene of crime, and is the young peasant woman beguiling the drunken man to drink more, so that the sinister man on the right and the old woman in the background can rob him? Or is it a temperance lecture, and the woman a wife who is trying to take the bottle from her husband at the silly stage of intoxication? The scene does not explain itself. But the painting is excellent, and the face of the drunken fellow rendered with truth and spirit.

Miss or Mrs. Francis again shows good work, and this time it is an old lady's head with many wrinkles in the skin, and the white hair turned in old-fashioned rolls above the ears; the tones are pleasing, if not perfectly understood. Messrs. Ulrich, P. P. Ryder and W. H. Snyder have genre pictures in three differing manners. Ulrich is working hard to show artisans in their shops; this time it is a glass-mender not very sympathetically done. P. P. Ryder has his helpless old couple in a farm-house, trying to be in harmoniousness of tones. W. H. Snyder offers a Long Island farmer of the stock whence Walt Whitman sprang—big-featured and thick of hand and foot. His daughter, a hobbledehoy with short hair and big feet, sits by the deal table, sewing. The tones of apron and tablecloth are warmly felt and rendered. Would it be possible for Mr. Snyder to learn to draw with more delicacy?

F. S. Church offers a mermaid's dream, a fantastic picture of a sea-maiden riding on a sea-horse under the waves, which are pink as well as green—strawberry ice-cream as well as pistache. Frederick Freer is engaged as before with portraits of one model, a pretty woman whom he only partially disguises now and then as somebody else. In the largest of his present sendings she is given twice,—seated and looking up at herself, and standing and looking down at herself. She wears the same dress in both cases, thinly disguised by a different shade of blue, and in her standing figure the blue of it has affected her arm, which is of a ghastly hue. James M. Beard has a half-dozen dogs painted in his unsympathetic style, and with human expressions in their raised eyebrows. The scene is a dog's tribunal, before which one dog appears with a dead rabbit as the sign of his guilt. Better drawn dogs, but still hardly and unsympathetically painted, are in J. M. Tracy's 'Dog Talk,' where the faces of the huntsmen are capitably drawn and the landscape carefully made out, but very coldly and crudely colored. Ward Stimson, in 'Granny's Pets,' devotes himself to the rich, somewhat harsh manner of Courbet, and surrounds his dark green barnyard scene with a frame on which very singular excrescences are made with thick cardboard, and then gilded. Francis Murphy has some gentle and tender Corot-recalling landscapes; Albert Ryder a little upright oblong hardly worthy of his fame; Rosina

* Handbook of Vertebrate Anatomy. Part II. How to Dissect a Bird. By H. Newell Martin and William A. Moale. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Emmet a large girl's figure with autumn-leaves and autumn-flowers; and Smedley a comedy between a village lady-killer and two young women whom it would take a great deal to kill.

So the exhibition runs—very wearisome and unintelligent for the most part, but occasionally broken by a good piece. There is no real need for the autumn opening except on the plea that the Academy should take everything and everything cannot be taken at the spring exhibition. But the Academy does not take everything. Bless you, the Academy is by way of being very punctilious and hard to please—where there is much real merit!

Music

The Metropolitan Opera House.

THE OPENING of the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening seemed rather a social than a musical event. The audience was apparently more interested in surveying the house and seeing who was there than in listening to the music. There was plenty of time for this inspection before the curtain was rung up, and plenty of time to continue it between the acts. The waits were unusually long even for a first night.

There was a great deal of curiosity amongst those who really cared for music to know what sort of a place the new opera house would be for sound. Opinions on this subject are as wide apart as the seats. We do not think the acoustic properties of the house are as good as those of the Academy of Music. There is no echo—a difficulty that might have been anticipated on account of the size of the auditorium. The voices had a muffled sound; and beyond the parquette chairs, or the horse-shoes of boxes, one could not have enjoyed the performance though the performance had been enjoyable. It was not altogether enjoyable, and the utter lack of enthusiasm on the part of the audience must have damped the ardor of the singers. None of the principals were in good voice, and Mme. Nilsson and Signor Campanini sang positively badly. Perhaps if we had not had the record of these two artists in the same opera to measure them by we should not have been so keenly disappointed. The recollection of Nilsson and Campanini in 'Faust' is one of the pleasures of our memory. Mme. Nilsson's voice has changed sadly since we heard her last in opera, and her manner of singing has changed even more. She resorts to methods—we had almost said to tricks—that she would have scorned to use seven years ago. And her acting is not what it was. Her Marguerite was once an ideal creation, delicate and refined; it is so no longer.

Signor Campanini was painfully out of sorts, and almost broke down before the opera was over. His failure to do himself justice was as evident to him as it was to the audience, and it was plain to be seen that he was disconcerted. Whether it was the hall or that his voice has not recovered its strength it will take a little longer to determine. The only thing that approached enthusiasm during the evening was the applause after Mme. Scalchi had sung the flower-song in the third act. The orchestra seems to be made up of excellent material, but Signor Vianesi has not got it well in hand yet for accompanying purposes. At times it completely drowned the singers, but this is a difficulty easily to be overcome. The overture was admirably played, and in all the passages where special delicacy was not required on account of the voices there was no fault to find. Signor Vianesi evidently understands himself and his band, if he is not yet acquainted with the house.

When we unexpectedly get a good thing, our first impulse is to find fault with it. Hence, it is not surprising that in many quarters disappointment should be expressed

regarding the new opera house. Some persons when they were assured that the project was really to be carried out looked, it appears, for a grand exterior, like that of the Paris or the Vienna opera house. Others supposed that the inside of the house would be incrustated with gems and gold. Not a few seemed to think that Mr. Abbey and the subscribers were about to create new singers and composers by the score, and to make free admissions the rule, in the good old Roman style. Of course, nothing of all this has come to pass or is likely to. The Metropolitan Opera House is as unpretending a structure of its size as any in the city; its decorations are marked by an extreme reserve; the programme for the first season is a modest one; and the public will have to pay for admission.

Nevertheless there are several reasons why the people of New York City may be congratulated on the completion of the building; and one of these is that it is a very good building. It is not so barren of architectural beauty as it may seem at first sight to be. It will grow on the beholder. The Broadway front, indeed, as it appears in the architect's elevation, has little about it that is particularly attractive. But the low central portion already built is seen to have a simple elegance of proportions that is much to be commended, and which will show more unmistakably when the sheds and scaffolding and rubbish are removed. The Thirtieth Street elevation is more varied and in some respects handsomer. The interior division into stage and auditorium is well marked by a difference in the height of the roofs of the two portions, and by a different treatment of the walls. A series of small round arches running along immediately under the cornice of the foremost part of the building is followed by a row of similar though smaller arches in a like position in the rear. The top story of the rear, thus marked, is carried through as the first story from the top (the third from the street) of the other half. This suffices perfectly to hold together the two divisions of the building. The prevalence of the round arch—which is discarded for the ordinary square-topped openings only in unimportant parts and evidently from motives of economy—tends also to unify the composition and gives it grace and distinction. Though no particular style of architecture has been slavishly followed, the architect's predilections have plainly been in favor of the Romanesque and the simpler forms of Italian Renaissance. Such is growing to be the general taste among architects of culture and experience in New York. There is much to recommend it, especially the adaptability of the forms of these styles to the new and approved methods of building construction. The only fault to be found in connection with it is, that it seems to be difficult with our present means to decorate this sort of construction appropriately and richly.

The exterior decorations of the new opera house are a case in point. They are appropriate but not rich or effective. They consist of some terra-cotta mouldings and pilaster capitals, and a few bas-relief panels on the Broadway façade, so small and placed so high that, being of nearly the same color as the wall of yellow brick, they are almost undistinguishable. This trouble is due wholly to a lack of good designers of such ornamental work, and as the panels in question show, when by long looking their design is made out, it is in the way of being obviated.

In the interior, there are two serious blemishes on the generally satisfactory artistic effect. The first is the mean appearance of the staircase, which, though commodious enough and solidly built, hardly counts as an architectural feature. It looks as though the architect were afraid of the problem of constructing a fine, open staircase, and chose to shirk it by flooring over each stage. It is doubtful whether any additional security against fire has thus been obtained;

yet one of the finest chances which the interior of the building afforded has been thrown away. The ceiling of the auditorium is another bad specimen of an economy of taste even more than of money. It is a huge sheet of metal suspended from the roof, shelving upward slightly from the walls all around toward the centre, where a shallow, saucer-shaped dome is, as it were, punched out of it. The painted decorations, in themselves very fair, give this ceiling pretty much the appearance of an immense imitation majolica platter. It looks like a temporary make-shift, and it is to be hoped that that is what it is. The square proscenium opening is another questionable device. Although an iron arch (a brick arch we suppose was out of the question) would not be any stronger, it would look better, and if it was necessary to introduce the square form to a remarkable extent, it might be better used for several of the other openings into the auditorium.

When so much is said, however, fault-finding must cease. The general effect of the interior is gracious and imposing. The fine sympathetic curves of the galleries and the three tiers of boxes, the handsome though little-apparent grouping of the entrances from the corridors, the light, warm coloration, and the evidence perceptible in the smallest details of great moderation and good sense, make up a very pleasing ensemble. And even in the case of those features to which we have objected, reason and taste resume their sway in the ornamental details. These are usually Roman classic—a choice which plainly could not be bettered, considering that a great deal of mechanical repetition was necessary, and that any other style of decoration, suited to the architecture, would not have borne mechanical reproduction so well. When the processes of casting, stencilling and the like are relied on to furnish the decorations for such a building as this, classic forms, as they have been adapted by the Romans to these processes and for similar purposes, are indeed the only ones to use. The fact that much of the architectural work of the interior is only a mask for ugly brick and iron construction is nothing to quarrel with. It is apparent at the first glance that the pilasters, cornices and so forth, especially of the foyer and assembly rooms, are purely decorative pieces of plaster work. The construction adopted is now perfectly well understood, and there can be no more objection to hiding it with plaster than there would be to covering it with tapestry or with wood-paneling, but rather less.

It is very remarkable, and a very hopeful sign, that Mr. Cady, the architect, has been able to secure the assistance of two other artists whose modesty almost equals his own. The temptation in such a great building so very moderately decorated to make a splurge would certainly have been too much for nine painters in ten who might have been given a chance to work in it. But Messrs. Lathrop and Maynard have shown, if anything, too much reserve. The great panel over the curtain opening, in which Mr. Lathrop has painted an Apollo and a couple of attendant figures, hardly draws the eye to it, and does not detain the attention unduly. Mr. Maynard's two smaller panels, right and left of this, might be passed over in a rapid glance. Yet there are few theatre decorations, anywhere, as good as these. Altogether, when this vast amphitheatre is filled from parquette to roof with an audience such as New York alone of American cities can furnish, it constitutes in itself a spectacle grander than any which can be put upon the stage.

In practical matters, the Metropolitan Opera House is one of the best-arranged places of amusement in the world. Next to safety from fire and panic, the great point in the construction of a theatre is to secure to each occupant of a seat a good view of the stage. We know of no theatre in which this result has been so well attained as in this.

Re-opening of the Academy of Music.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC a large and very enthusiastic audience assembled to hear Mme. Gerster in 'La Sonnambula.' The performance was most satisfactory and everything went with smoothness and applause. Mme. Gerster was overwhelmed with flowers and good feeling reigned supreme. 'La Sonnambula' is an unpicturesque opera, and can hardly be called interesting; but it is a favorite of singers with voices of the calibre of Mme. Gerster's, and it would be a very poor prima-donna who could not bring down the house by her singing of 'Ah non giunge.' The new tenor, Signor Vincini, is a good supporting singer, neither very good nor very bad; but even he came in for a share of the evening's enthusiasm. Mr. Mapleson will have Mme. Patti in his company in a few days, so that in the matter of prime-donne the Academy will have the advantage of the new opera house.

The Drama

MR. WALLACK has played a dangerous game, and has lost. His opponent has been Mr. Harry Miner; and the stakes to be won, the good will and patronage of that part of the theatre-going public which has hitherto found its most congenial places of resort in the Bowery. Mr. Wallack has played his trump card; yet larger audiences are to be seen nightly at the People's Theatre than at Wallack's. And they are recruited from pretty much the same class of society.

Mr. Wallack's trump card is an adaptation, by Mr. H. Hamilton, of 'Ouida's great novel,' 'Moths.' Nothing more immoral, vulgar and demoralizing has ever been seen on a stage that was once respectable. Its literary style is beneath contempt. Its point of view is that of the writers for *The Police Gazette*. As a representation of modern society it is about as true to life as a picture of a cow or a dog drawn by a child of three years. The heroine of the story is a girl of professedly high moral character, who prates of her morality till you grow first weary and then suspicious of it. The hero is an opera-singer whose virtue exhales in song. The villain of the play—a Russian prince—is a ruffian whose prototype could have been found nowhere but in the slums of a great city. He would be lynched on suspicion, the moment he should show his face in any of our Western towns. This precious blackguard, wishing to marry the heroine, intrusts the arrangement of the match to the young lady's mother, who extorts a promise of obedience from her daughter by representing that it is the only means of saving her (the mother's) reputation, as the Prince knows a secret which, if divulged, would ruin it irretrievably. This device is simply invented for the purpose of marrying the daughter to a man of notoriously hard heart and vicious habits. And on this hook hangs the whole play. A decent woman could not see it acted without sacrificing somewhat of her purity.

What induced Mr. Wallack to put such a play on his stage we cannot imagine. It is not only vulgar but hopelessly dull. It certainly is not a piece which his own taste would approve, and yet he gives it the sanction of a name which has shone brightly in the galaxy of American dramatic stars. If he is not personally responsible for its production, he should do himself the justice to disclaim it, and not continue to advertise that, 'having received from both Press and Public a most enthusiastic welcome, it will be repeated until further notice.' As to the press, it has ridiculed and condemned the drama; and as to the people, the people who would be likely to relish such an evening's entertainment remain true to their accustomed haunts in the Bowery.

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